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# THE DAY BOOK

500 SO. PEORIA ST.

398

TEL. MONROE 353

VOL. 2, NO. 71 Chicago, Friday, Dec. 20, 1912 ONE CENT

## MOTHER OF TWO CHILDREN HOUNDED BY SLEUTH WHEN SHE TRIED TO BE HONEST

**She Was Sent Up the River Twice for Picking Pockets;  
New York Judge Gave Her a Chance to Make  
Good; Detective Persecutes for Spite.**

An elderly woman, neatly clothed and refined looking, sat weeping in the court of Superior Judge Charles M. Foell.

A heavy-jowled, square-toed man stood by her side. He was an investigator from the state's attorney's office.

They were the only persons in the room. Court was not yet open; the judge had not arrived.

The man whistled a ragtime tune cheerfully. Once in a while his eyes fell on the weeping woman. Whenever they did so, a gloating look passed over the man's face.

A reporter entered the court room; took in the woman and the investigator by her side, and beckoned to the man.

"Who is she?" he whispered.

"Aw, she's a ——— crook," said the man loudly.

The woman raised a tear-stained face. There was a look of aged sorrow in her eyes.

"I'm not," she said, in a choking voice. "I used to be, but I'm straight now."

The man laughed, loudly, coarsely.

"Aw, tell that to the marines," he said.

The woman in the court room was Mrs. Theresa Goldman, of New York. And her story is worth reading, because it explains why so few people who once break the law ever reform.

Theresa Goldman was brought up on the East Side of New York. Her mother died when she was only a child. Her father—well, the less said about her father the better.

As a child, Theresa was taught to steal, to lie and to thus revenge herself on a society which had condemned her to life on the East Side.

She became quite a good thief.